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PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

TEN STORY TELLER.

Story of the Sea Captain.

CHAPTER I.

On a bright sunny morning, toward the end

of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in a sea-coast

village on the North Devon coast, over which,

at a short distance, rose the lofty towers of the

noble castle of the Arundels, a party of sailors

might be seen lounging in the shade of the

small inn, their second officer, the gallant Falk-

ner, watching their revels, and participating in

them occasionally, as was the custom of that

homely period. They had just returned to mer-

ry England from

"Those vast shores washed by the farthest sea;"

could tell of the golden land of Guinea, and of

dangers on the Guinea coast; of battle with the

ferce Algerine, and treasure wrung from the

haughty Don. Their boat was upon the beach,

their tall-masted ship swung lustily in the offing,

and all was joviality and junketing on shore—

Proud were that crew of their ship, the Royal

Falcon, but prouder of their commander, the

bold Captain Norman.

What landscape is without its shadow?—

Apart from this merry company, before a table

in front of the house, sat a dark-browed man,

in a costume which even at that period betokened

the half sailor, half pirate, of the period,

partaking neither of the vain luxury of the

royal navy, nor the neat guise of the active

mercantile man. A Spanish-cut jacket; a waist-

coat belted with heavy, dropping, gold-braided

buttons; a pair of medals dangling from

each ear; a belt profusely loaded with pistols of

various sizes and manufactures; a short, heavy

cloak; long boots peculiar to the period; a

round felt hat flapping half over his face—

formed a costume which no means prepossessing

features which a deep cut or slash across the vi-

age added a remarkably oblique expression,

which it wanted was a rough manner and still

rougher voice to render unpleasant and suspi-

cious. Refusing the landlady's proffered Cana-

ries, "the best on the coast," and declining to

join the jolly fellows with Gilles Gausson, the

such was his name, gruffly awaited the return

of the messenger he had dispatched to a neigh-

boring knight, Sir Maurice Beavor, grimly ex-

pressing his hatred of honest men, saying,

"What right have men to be honest, and spoil

other men's trade?"

Sir Maurice Beavor was a gentleman distant-

ly connected with the ancient family of Arun-

del, the high honors of whose name rested in

the sole person of Percy, Lord Ashdale, falling

whose heirs, Sir Maurice would succeed, and he,

the poor cousin, would be lord of Arundel. He

was a miser of the severest order, greedy and

avaricious of gain, yet malicious withal as one

who had been made to feel his quality of power

and had spit enough to resent it, with

bearing, that endeared him still more to those about him. A noble and gallant gentleman was Norman to look upon; the only, abnormal sen-

timent that arose of the same gay and

prodigious contempt of the common-place objects

which landmen covet and scheme for, as our

modern sailors have, but with something else

of the adventurous romance and poetic fancy with

which the lingering chivalry of the Old World,

and the first glances of the New, inspired the

bold and gallant contemporaries of Sir Walter

Raleigh—cheerful in spirit, gallant in bearing,

he recalled to mind the story of the Sea Kings

of the olden time, and seemed as he trod the

shore to say:

"He who's a king on deck,

Is every creature's equal on the land."

"Now cheer thee, Norman," said his lieutenant;

"think of the rich jewel you possess—the

love of that fair flower of the west—now your

betrothed—when we rescued from the Algerine

corsair in the Italian seas, when returning from

the island of which her father was governor—

Al! how you leapt on board the corsair, our

bold crew buzzing round you, crying 'England

and Elizabeth—Norman to the rescue!' Have

you seen her and the priest Onslow—your

father, that you told me of; he, too, you were

to have visited?"

Recalled to himself, Norman went on to re-

count how Violet's father had died, and how he

had found a stranger at the hearth where he had

expected so warm a welcome; but that Violet

was with her relative, Lady Arundel, in the

stately towers now seen gilded in the sunlight.

"Thither was Norman hastening when met by

Falkner, for love, like an ocean whirlpool, en-

gulfed all thought, dream, hope, fear, within

the absorbing waves of one strong passion; and

the dead old friend of his childhood had been

forgotten.

"But you, Falkner," said the captain, in tones

of deep affection, "will bear a message to him

for me: 'tis scarcely two hours' journey. Bear

him good tidings; tell him I am safe, gay, well;

and that night, be sure of this, for good men

at home judge us seamen harshly—every night

on the far seas, his foster-son recalled the words

taught to his infant lips, and prayed for blessings

on that grey head."

The young man parted, but not before the

lieutenant had hinted that the crew were ready,

and the ship at hand, to bid in carrying off the

half-sister of the lady, who was not rich, as

she might otherwise wear their captain's affec-

tion from the sea.

"Never," said Norman, emphatically; "not for

England's self will I leave that glorious sea where

beauty yields the trident of a god, and every

wave does homage to her flag—where every

wave hears Neptune's nymphs hymn the immor-

tal song of England's praise! No, I will never

forego the sea! My brave bark shall be our

home—our bridal melody the rising gale—the

stars, the bright lights of the angel palaces of

our wedding lamps—the crystal deep our

sparkling sapphire floors—the vaulted heaven

our roof. My love! my beautiful! my own!"

"Never did sail more gladly gliding to port

than I to thee, my anchor in my faith,

And in thy love my life."

CHAPTER II.

Change we now the scene to the gardens of

the Castle of Arundel, where a stately dame,

of noble features but gloomy brow, was walking

in the broad terrace. Of a sad and solemn pre-

sence was the Lady Arundel; one of those women

as the price of success on securing these much

dreaded proofs from out the hands of the priest.

In the lady's terror, no price seemed large; and

Sir Maurice gladly took upon himself the mis-

sion.

Meantime, in another part of that noble gar-

den, the fair Violet, the ward and cousin of La-

dy Arundel, was walking with her attendant,

Miss Prudence, a stately dame of the du-

cenna breed, the only legacy left the fair young

lady by her father, but doubly endeared to Vi-

olet by having been present with her in their

recapture from the Algerine by Captain Nor-

man—a witness of his bravery and of their af-

ter loves.

Solacing herself with sweet remembrances,

the fair Violet was suddenly recalled to actual

happiness by the presence of Norman himself;

and by his voice calling upon her to look up, as

she fell weeping, almost fainting, on his bosom.

We pass over their raptures, and the sailor's

wooing of his bride, whose blushes only were her

voice; for soon the unannounced presence of

the Lady Arundel surprised the pair; and the

terrified Violet, with trembling accents, intro-

duced the gallant captain, of whom her father

had so often spoke, as the rescuer of their lives

and freedom.

What words can paint the feelings of Lady

Arundel at the sight?

"Averting angels, spare me!" she exclaimed,

as his father's spirit seemed to rise before her;

but pride quickly came to her relief, and hushed

the tumult of her soul. She courteously re-

ceived the salutations of Norman, and, with re-

luctant hospitality, of her house, requested him

much to the surprise of Violet, to make it his

hostel while on shore.

Nor was Norman less surprised than Violet;

an uncontrollable emotion seemed to swell in his

bosom, inclining him at once toward that majes-

tically so terrible to others. Her face, then

lighted with a sweet but sad smile, made his

heart tremble in his bosom, and some old mem-

ory, as of a dream, came over him. Gladly did

he accept the invitation, which insured him one

long day and evening at least with the Violet.

Sir Maurice was now like a spider at his dark

work, and quickly returned to the lady, as-

signed to hear that the fly was in the web, al-

ready, and Norman under that roof. Lady Ar-

undel, at their consultation, informed him that she

had learned from Miss Prudence whither

tended the affections of Violet, and that the

plan conceived by her to forefend all danger,

was to remove them, and promote their flight

together; that the hurrying might waste them

to some fair clime in the New World, and that

they might sleep in peace. To the anger of her

son Percy, as suggested by Sir Maurice, when

he discovered the flight of Violet, she could on-

ly say that, ere he could learn or suspect their

love, their bark would be far on the sea. "No!"

said the lady in her pride, "I am on the abyss,"

but my bark will not sink; my firm foot

to the mind of Sir Maurice Beavor, other

thoughts suggested themselves. Failing Percy

Ashdale, as we have before said, he knew him-

self the heir so long as Norman was thought

dead; but their rivalry might tend to the death

of both. A quarrel, a contest, an assassination,

and the line! then would his name be lost, as

the Ashdale and Arundel's lord, and marry

young bride, get heirs, and perhaps keep a poor

cousin himself, to play at leap-frog with the

little Maurice, and be abused and jeered at in

his turn.

Nor was fit occasion long wanting. Even now,

the young Lord Ashdale, returning from the

chase, felt ruffled at the tardiness of Violet,

that pride which was my foe, and make it own

me yet. No sooner, however, had we reached

the bark, than the villain whom I trusted threw

off all disguise, and cast me into chains and

darkness. Then did he hold all sail nor was

it until land was out of sight that, in the pre-

sence of his black and swarthy crew—the refuse

criminals of many lands, for he was a pirate—he

called me on deck and struck off my fetters.

"Boy," said he, with a grim smile, "take ship

and share with me. You must not blame me—

the wrong is not mine; 'twas gold that forged

thy fetters—the gold of thy own parent."

"It was a lie—a wicked lie," exclaimed Lady

Arundel, with an emotion that startled all around

her.

"So I told him," said Norman, participating

in her emotion. I wrenched the cutlass from

his hand, and struck the pirate down upon

the deck. His crew seized me with a shout—

a hundred knives glittered in my eyes—but the

pirate, sternly wiping the blood from his gashed

forehead, called upon them to withhold their hands,

for such a death was too merciful for me. They

seized me, bound me to a plank, spread their

sails tauntingly to the swift winds—and I was

left alone upon the ocean with God.

"That day, and through that long night, I was

tossed upon the seas—the frail plank only 'twixt

me and death—but Heaven's mercy lulled the

storming winds, and in the gentleness and calm

of night, as I lay upon that ocean, lonely, gaz-

ing upward on the stars as they shone forth, I

could but weep as I recalled to mind the words

of that wretch, and sighed 'winds and waves

are kinder than a parent!' Lady, you weep!

but I will go on, and you wish it.

"The day dawned, and soon, glittering in the

sun, I saw a mast—a sail—a flag—nay, Violet,

smile not yet—it passed away. They saw me

not."

"Then came hot noon, and thirst, and hunger.

With parched lips I called on death, and strug-

gled to wrench my limbs from the hardened

chains that gnawed into my flesh; and then, oh

horror! I could distinguish by my side a dark,

swift-moving thing—the ocean tiger, that follows

ships for prey. At that sight I again grew

sweet; the dread of death made me fear to lose

it. I watched it with strained and shuddering

